

THE WORLD.

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FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

222,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.

Year.	Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	82,511,187	225,541
1883.....	82,535,338	225,541
1884.....	82,535,338	225,541
1885.....	82,535,338	225,541
1886.....	82,535,338	225,541
1887.....	82,535,338	225,541

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday during the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was

16,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was

24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was

79,985

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was

166,686

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was

234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was

257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	1,100,000	3,000
1883.....	1,100,000	3,000
1884.....	1,100,000	3,000
1885.....	1,100,000	3,000
1886.....	1,100,000	3,000
1887.....	1,100,000	3,000

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE BEST CLUB.

The proposition to hold a convention of Democratic clubs at Indianapolis, in imitation of the Republican gathering in this city, can do no harm, if carried out successfully, and might do good.

Organization is as necessary in a party as in an army.

But the most effective club for the Democratic party would be one with which it had knocked out the monopolies and beaten down the burdensome war taxes.

EXPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.

The latest "social sensation" at Washington combines in about equal degrees the ridiculousness and the essential immorality of a great many of the "fashionable marriages."

A silly young heiress eloped some months ago with a veal young man bearing the appropriate name of "DE GRASSIE." The bride was locked up by her father on her return. After a week the young people were brought together to permit the girl to choose between her husband and her father. At the end of an hour's debate, she chose the former and vowed she "would never leave GRASSIE again."

Now, after a few weeks' trial of matrimony, the young wife concludes that she doesn't like it—at least with "GRASSIE"—and so has returned to her father's house. "Proceedings for a divorce" are to be instituted, and as the family is rich the decree will no doubt be obtained. Then BERNIE can try again.

Experimental marriages are denied to the poor. Are they not becoming too common as a luxury of the rich?

A MORAL BOYCOTT.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburgh acts ill-advisedly in refusing membership and gymnasium privileges to professional baseball players.

The training of ball-players is conducive to many of the virtues which the Association exists to promote. It requires that the men be temperate, regular in all their habits, and subject to discipline.

An attempt by the associations to boycott baseball players would hurt the organization more than it would the national game.

A bigoted young man is a sorry sight.

A CLUBBER CONVICTED.

The conviction of Policeman O'Dra, of Brooklyn, of manslaughter in the second degree—reported in THE EVENING WORLD alone yesterday afternoon—ought to make the clubbers more careful with their sticks.

The jury found that SMITH's death was caused by the clubbing received at the time of his arrest, and that this was done "without excuse, cruelty and wantonly." But in view, probably, of the bad reputation of the deceased, and of the provocation often received by the officers, the verdict was accompanied by a strong recommendation to mercy.

Wanton clubbing should be stopped or fittingly punished.

The drawn battle in the Democratic State Committee simply shows that politics, like the proverbial white man, is "mighty can't." The National Committee will probably find less difficulty in exercising its rightful function of filling a vacancy in the membership.

It is all very well to make the druggists use distilled water in compounding medicines; but is the Health Department equally careful that none but pure drugs and liquors are sold.

JAY HUBBELL comes out of the little political bazaar in his Michigan district bearing a banner with the familiar device: "Got left again."

If the custodian of the big Post-Office building doesn't clean the dangerous ice

from the sidewalk in Mail street, why should not the police go for him? On this island, at least, New York ought to be as big a man as Uncle Sam.

The New England milk-producers—the farmers, not the cows—propose to organize a trust for mutual protection against the contractors. Nobody seems to be protecting the consumers—to any great extent.

If the tall end of a blizzard plays such pranks as this State and New England are now experiencing, it is easier to imagine what the head and bulk of the cavoring frost dragon must be.

CHAT ABOUT POLITICIANS.

Surrogate Ransom will make some more removal and appointments on Feb. 1.

Local statements who have recently visited Albany say that the legislators are playing stiff games of poker.

Fifteen ex-Aldermen and twenty-two ex-Assemblymen are employed as clerks in the various departments.

The friends of ex-Mayor Grace have an idea that he will yet be the Governor of the State or United States Senator.

The big scheme of the Cable people to gridiron Manhattan Island is shortly to be presented to the Board of Aldermen.

Police Justice Daniel O'Reilly is not ashamed of having once been employed to pull the bell on a Third Avenue surface car.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan is serving his sixth term in the Legislature, his years of service being 1879, 1880, 1885, 1886, 1887 and 1888.

Assistant District Attorney James Fitzgerald is a clerk in a Broadway clothing store when Maurice J. Power introduced him into politics.

Ex-Commissioner of Public Works Rollin M. Squire is writing a book entitled "What I Know About New York Politics and Politicians."

When Thomas F. Grady was asked if he intended to enter the Congressional fight again he replied: "You may say that I am studying the situation and looking over the field."

There were bonfires throughout the Thirtieth Ward last evening. The inhabitants were rejoicing over the appointment of William Geoghegan, the poet, as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue under Collector Giegerich.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. Hilde's house on Dupont circle, in Washington, which is occupied by the Letters of Chicago, rents for \$10,000 a year.

Thus far this has been the coldest January in Chicago that the people can remember, the mean temperature for three weeks being 8 degrees above zero.

Although Prof. Richard A. Proctor, has written many articles on scientific poker playing he told a Kansas City reporter the other day that he had never taken a hand in a game.

George V. Foreman, who is one of the leading citizens of Olean, N. Y., and has a fortune rated at \$5,000,000, was a poor school teacher in New Jersey when he was in the oil fields in 1885 to make his fortune.

It is related of a Salina, (Kan.) man that he walked half a mile to get his gun to kill a jack rabbit which he saw in a field, and found after he had discharged two loads at the animal that it was already frozen to death.

Besides being the most distinguished bull-fighter of the age, Massantini is a cultivated man of great generosity and kindness of heart. He speaks Italian and French perfectly, is a successful actor, plays well on the piano and writes verses.

A singular accident happened to a horse that was standing near the planing-mill at Beaver Falls, Pa. The circular saw struck a knot in a board, causing the knot to fly like a bullet through the wall and into the side of the horse, where it imbedded itself in the flesh and caused a painful wound.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the country is at Warren, Idaho, where hundreds of the celestials are at work in the mines abandoned by the white miners. Every year a number of them go back to China, with fortunes of from \$5,000 to \$50,000, to pass their remaining years in comfort.

PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON.

(From Life.)

A new member of the house. An all-night session.

Laid on the table. The speaker of the house.

Round about the hotels.

Edward L. Brewster, of Chicago, is now at the Hotel James.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Tyson, who were married in Baltimore yesterday, arrived last night at the Albemarle.

Charles Fairchild, banker of Boston, and C. P. Atwell, General Manager of the Louisville and Nashville, are among to-day's arrivals at the Victoria.

At the Grand are Lieut. John H. Wells, U. S. A.; Lieut. Frank DeWitt Ramsey, U. S. A.; and Wm. Reed, one of Boston's most promising young lawyers.

Col. Lee Chamberlain, of Troy, a member of Gen. J. B. Carr's staff; Dr. B. Warner, of Chicago, and Edwin Edwards, of Colorado, are registered at the Ullery.

At the Glensay are F. G. Hennessy, of Philadelphia, of the Red Star line of steamships, and C. W. Smith, of Chicago, Vice-President of the C. & N. Y. R. R.

C. B. May, of Liverpool; R. C. Livingston, well known to society in this city, and R. J. Dumnick and family have added their names to the list of arrivals at the St. James.

At the Union Square Hotel are C. O. Bryant, of Washington; E. G. Guernsey, of Birmingham, Alabama; Irving B. Brown, of Philadelphia, and R. L. Leacock, of St. Louis.

The Fifth Avenue books show the names of Jao. L. Foote, of Montreal; S. B. Foote, of Quebec; W. O. Adams, of North Adams, Mass.; and R. E. McCoy, of Albany.

Registered at the Hoffman are R. P. Hammond, of San Francisco, one of California's State officers; J. B. Smith, of Boston; Dr. Geo. F. Dugan, of Concord, N. H.; C. E. Spencer, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Vice-President of the Adams Express Company, and W. H. Parish, a prominent merchant of Richmond.

The list of new guests at the Brunswick includes W. O. O'Reilly, of Montreal, who is connected with the Atlantic Coast Line, and R. J. Dumnick and family, who are connected with the Atlantic Coast Line, and R. J. Dumnick and family, who are connected with the Atlantic Coast Line.

IN LYDIG'S WOOD.

A Tragedy of Morrisania.

BY

Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks
Of the Town Hall Station, Morrisania.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")

ONE of those warm September afternoons which have all the pleasantness of summer without its excessive heat a Hungarian peddler came straggling along the Boulevard where it enters West Farms. He was a small man, not more than five feet three, and slight. His thin, scattered beard was of a yellowish brown, and his eyes were dark. He was somewhat stooped and walked wearily. A pack pretty full of cheap things he had for sale, such as shirts, socks, cheap jewelry and a miscellaneous collection of knickknacks, was swung over his shoulder.

The poor old peddler was not a very attractive figure, so thin and weakly, and walking along in that tired way, his shoes dirty and his clothes patched and dirty. But he looked so weak and wretched that he was almost an object of pity.

He walked on some rods and went into a country store. After a few moments he came out with a brown paper bag and a piece of cheese in his hand.

There was a bench at one side of the store door and the peddler went over to it, sank down with a sigh of satisfaction, and taking his bag, drew out a cracker and began to eat it, breaking off bits of the cheese to season his humble meal. He was hungry and tired, and although the lunch was not a very savory one, he evidently enjoyed it. He had come from somewhere down in New York to sell his cheap goods to the country folk.

While he sat there with one thin leg crossed over the other and his hand jaws moving slowly over the dry crackers which he was chewing a trio came along the same road which the peddler had traversed. The newcomers were three negroes, two of them of the most common, vulgar type, jet black and coarse, while the third was lighter colored. One of the black ones was a huge, muscular fellow.

They spied the peddler, and exchanging a few words together they moved across the road to where he sat, with his pack thrown on the bench by his side, discussing the crackers and cheese.

They seemed to be acquainted with one another, for the peddler nodded and moved his pack, putting it under the bench so that the negroes could sit down. They seated themselves on the wooden bench and the peddler offered them some of his crackers and cheese. He had not much with which to be hospitable, but the poor fellow gave them the best he had.

They all helped themselves to the fare, the big black fellow seeming to have the best appetite. He helped himself two or three times to the crackers and the four of them soon emptied the bag.

They sat talking together for some moments and then they all rose, the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder and he and the three negroes started up the road, the light-colored one and the smaller black one walking at his right and the big fellow at his left. They walked along in a leisurely way, the peddler showing the least vigor of the three. He dragged his legs along in a tired way and occasionally gave a hitch to his pack as if to get it into an easier position.

They disappeared along the lane leading to Lydig's Wood, which is a large wood about half a mile above West Farms, which lies near the Bronx at about two and a half miles from the police station of that precinct.

This was on Thursday afternoon. An old negro had charge of Lydig's Wood, and used to gather brush and old broken branches in it, and use them for firewood. The next Saturday he was roving around through the wood picking up these stray bits of firewood when he came upon a shocking sight.

About two hundred yards from the road, in a little cleared space in the wood, lay the poor peddler, dead, his skull crushed in by a heavy rock! His pack was half empty and no money or valuables were found on his person.

On his way back the negro saw a large rock with blood stains on it. After hurling the stone at the peddler, where he had fallen, probably, for the side of his head was smashed, for the peddler had cast the stone away, taking no further trouble to conceal it, a despatch was sent out from Headquarters giving a description of the three negroes and ordering their arrest for the murder of the peddler in Lydig's Wood. One of the negroes had a black eye.

The dead man was taken to the station-house. On his back, near the neck, was a bruise as if he had been struck by something heavily. The poor wretch presented an awful spectacle. His skull was all crushed by the rock, and his thin face and bony hands were contracted with pain.

Inquiry was at once instituted along the Boulevard and at West Farms and through the entire neighborhood, to learn if anything had been seen or heard of the three negroes. Several persons had seen the four together at West Farms, but for two or three days no news was learned of them after they disappeared up the lane into Lydig's Wood.

On the third day a boy was found at Hunt's Point, three miles from the murder, who said that on Thursday afternoon, pretty late, he had seen two negroes walking along the Boulevard, and that they had stopped and torn up some paper and then gone on. In his curiosity he had gathered up the pieces after they got out of sight.

Moreover, near these torn bits of paper, which averaged about an inch in length, he had found a scrap of paper with something written on it. This was not torn. It was a square piece of unruled paper, folded, and the corners rubbed round, and pretty dirty on the outside, as if it had been carried around in somebody's pocket.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untorn piece were taken from the boy and brought to the station-house. Capt. Hadden put them carefully together, pasting them on a

piece of clean glass with the written side down. When the glass was turned around he managed to decipher the writing.

It was a certificate of membership in some society, and showed that Abraham Weisberg had been admitted to it some three years before on paying the admission fee of \$15. Weisberg was the unfortunate peddler who had been murdered in Lydig's Wood. He had been in the habit of carrying the certificate around with him in a greasy old pocket-book, so that if any accident happened to him application for removal could be made to the society in his behalf.

The other paper was a prescription written in Latin, as physicians' prescriptions usually are. What it was and for what sickness it was hard to tell. The paper was a blank sheet about the size of a quarter sheet of note paper. It had no head-line to show by what druggist it had been put up, nor was it signed by any name. The writing was in green ink and in one corner was a date in black ink. Whether this belonged to the peddler or to one of the negroes it was hard to say. But the fact that it was found folded lying among the torn bits of paper was some ground for believing that it belonged to the big negro and that he had pulled it from his pocket with the other papers and had not noticed it fall. Some of the torn fragments were lying on it, but none under it, for the boy said he looked to see if there were any.

As the peddler and the three negroes all belonged clearly to the poorer class there was a possibility that this prescription had been issued from one of the hospitals or free dispensaries. They were all visited, but none of their officials could recall the prescription, and they did not believe it came from a public institution.

"The handwriting is German," said the man at the New York Hospital, "and I fancy that the prescription was given out by some apothecary, perhaps to a friend."

When asked for what disease the prescription had probably been given, I learned that it was a contagious one to which sailors are subject.

In the mean time arrests were constantly being made of negroes who fell under suspicion. The description of them which had been given to the Police Department and sent out with the general order to arrest the murderers to the several precincts was a very incorrect one. It is more difficult to describe a common negro so that he can be recognized than it is a white man, as they have so many points in which they all agree. Hence, in the excitement of the case, and with a wrong description, many were arrested who had to be released, as there was no evidence against them.

If this prescription could be traced to the man who had it from the druggist, it would be a good clue to the murderer, if the supposition was correct that it belonged to him and not to the peddler.

I resolved to try the drug stores. By one of those chances which seem so singular in the face of probabilities, a clue was obtained much sooner than could have been expected. Here was a prescription which possibly had been issued by some druggist in the city of New York. From the character of the writing there was reason to think that he was a German, but this was not certain, and even if correct, left a pretty wide field for search. The fact that it was a prescription for a contagious malady frequently found among sailors seemed to show that probably a druggist near the water-front might have issued it. But though frequently affecting sailors, the disease was not entirely restricted to them, in which case the reasoning did not hold.

This may serve to show how roomy a search lies before a detective or an officer who starts off to find out something. What occurred may also show how, at times, good luck assists him. I had started to begin this quest, and the first apothecary store I came to was on the northeast corner of Mott and Canal streets.

I went in. A short, thick-set man of a German type was behind the counter. I approached him and taking the prescription from my pocket handed it to him.

"Do you know anything about that prescription?" I asked.

He adjusted his spectacles, opened the paper, looked through it rapidly and said:

"I put it up myself. I remember it."

"For whom did you put it up?" I inquired.

"For a steward on a sailing vessel. But it has been filled since," he continued. "You see that date in black ink on the prescription. That shows that it was filled again."

This was luck surely, to have found in the very first druggist that I approached the one who had issued the prescription.

LABELLED "SUBJECT TO EPILEPSY."

T. F. Catlin's Repented Fits Bring Him at Last to Hospital.

A beardless man, about twenty-seven years of age, whose hair fell in half-curled around his head, and whose general appearance was that of a college student, registered on Jan. 9 last at Smith & McNeill's Hotel at T. F. Catlin, Swanton, Vt.

When he got a chance he told Clerk G. Wadell that he was subject to fits, and in case he came to the hotel under no consideration to send him to a hospital. Mr. Wadell promised to comply with this request.

Before a week had passed the young man had had three fits, which caused him to writhe, yell, moan piteously and behave in such a manner that it was necessary to lock him in his room. Then he seemed to recover and was allowed his liberty.

A week ago last Monday night he came out of his room and began prancing through the corridors with a big open knife in his hand. As he frightened the employees, they called in a policeman, who took the young man to the Church street police station.

When he was searched the police found a card attached to his vest, on which was written "Subject to epilepsy. No attention required." The Sergeant had him transferred to Bellevue Hospital. The man did not improve, and yesterday, Dr. Douglas having reported that he was dangerous, he was sent to the insane asylum on Ward's Island. His effects are still at the hotel.

Suffering is Gandy Paint.

A curious case was presented to the reception room at Bellevue Hospital, just before midnight last night, when Charles Manreitia, the clown injured by the falling scenery at the Academy of Music, was brought in. The poor fellow was suffering from a compound fracture of the thigh, and his gaudy paint and costume were strikingly inconsistent with his condition of pain. Manreitia's seizure was caused by a fall from a scaffold on the way to the theatre.

Editor Tucker to Editor of To-Night.

Mr. Benjamin K. Tucker, Lecturer of Liberty, will lecture before the Manhattan Liberal Club on "Socialism and Anarchism," at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, in German Masonic Hall, 320 East Tenth street.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

GIRLS WHO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS FOR THREE CENTS A GROSS.

The Manufacturer Says that He Cannot Pay More Because Foreign Goods Would Drive Him Out of Business—Supporting a Family on \$2.50 a Week—A Little Girl's Uncomplaining Struggle.

It falls to the lot of but few of the people who are in good circumstances to observe life as it really exists among the poor of New York, and especially among the poor who are able and willing to toil but cannot find employment.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, in the course of his rounds in search of facts concerning the poor, wages and manner of living of the poor working girls and women of this city, inquired into the condition of the girls engaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

There are eighty-eight firms in all in this city engaged in making artificial flowers, and there are as many importers in the trade. Nearly all the manufactories are situated in the neighborhood of Bleeker street and Broadway, with a few scattered ones in the Bowery and Houston street.

About fifteen hundred young girls are employed in these establishments, at an average wage each of \$2.50 for a week's toil, or fifty-four hours. Nine hours' labor a day is required of each worker.

In some of the manufactories the employees receive from \$3 to \$5 a week each, according to the length of time that they have been employed and the skill that they possess. In other places the girls are paid for long and weary hours of toil, and their health is destroyed before they reach the period of womanhood.

The mother bore in her arms an infant only a few months old. The three small rooms occupied by the family were plain and scantily furnished, but were neat and tidy, showing evidences of the handiwork of the good housewife throughout. A fire burned brightly in a small range—the only means of heating the rooms. A keen and nipping air prevailed outside, and the temperature in the simple abode was not up to the mark. In the room where the mother and her family, consisting of the wife and five children, the children were all very young, with the exception of a blue-eyed girl, whose rather petite figure did not indicate that she was in her fifteenth year—the age given by her parents.

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The father of this interesting family is a mechanic of fair skill. He came originally from Germany. He has been in this country but a few years, and in that time he has learned to speak the English language plainly enough to be easily understood. He is frail in frame and thin in flesh, and his rather pale face shows the lines of care and anxiety and hard work.

As the reporter entered he saw in the larger room of the apartment the young girl above mentioned. She was seated at a table, making over three or four little piles of artificial lilac leaves, a lot of green-tinted tissue-paper, cut in small strips; a bundle of tiny white threads, such as are used to insert in the veins of the leaves, and a quantity of very thin, needle-like wires, each about an inch and a half long.

One of the wires between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and three of the tubed flowers in the other hand, the little worker deftly rolled a bit of the tissue-paper over them and then inserted one of the needles, and a bunch of three lilac leaves with a green stem. This, she said, was "putting them in three."

"How much can you make a gross for the three?" she remarked. "Four cents a gross for two and three cents a gross for singles, and putting in the tubing and pasting them."

"How much can you make a week?" asked the reporter.

"I am paid regular wages—\$3.50 a week. This is my third year. The first year I got \$1.50 a week, and the second \$2.75. My boss has promised me a little more next year—about \$3.75 I guess it will be."

"We have got to take work home, and I earn a little more that way at piece rates. I made 12 cents last night by making the gross of lilacs, but worked from 6.30 until 2 o'clock in the morning. I got very tired sometimes, but you should know that pa is out of work and has been for some weeks. He got laid off, and does not know when he will get work again. So I must earn enough to get bread for us all."

The father bit his lips, and remarked: "Yes, poor child, she works harder than I want her to, and I won't stand it a moment after I get a job. I am too poor just now to stop her. I allow her to learn the business under the impression that she could earn \$6 or \$7 a week in a year or two, but she will never reach those figures."

"I have had a hard time to get bread every winter, and I am almost wild at seeing my family actually want for necessities and to think that